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AND

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The Girl of the Mountains.

(CONTINUED.)

"THE night of the private party, when Louisa drew you from table, the king gave his private signal for the rest of the company to depart without ceremony. What passed cannot be known, only that the king speaks in the highest terms of the virtue and discretion of your late countess, whose short stay at that time gave surprise to all.

"The Countess of Chateau Briant, you may believe, was not displeased, though she affected to be unconcerned. Every thing that passed in your house was known, and it seems you affronted both the countess of Angoulesme, and the baroness de Foulanges. There is little doubt but your lady received the deadly draught from her chamber-maid, yet no proofs can be obtained; Louisa has too much power to be offended; nor can the countess of Chateau Briant avow the means by which she has gained this intelligence."

"This detail shocked my father exceedingly; the physician told him to resign me with confidence to the person who came for me, depending our separation would be short.

"My father sunk on his knees as I quitted his sight. I appeared before the countess in unspeakable grief. She embraced me, and said, "Come, my dear child, we are going to a convent; you must be content to stay there for about a week, at the expiration of that time, I will restore you to your best friend, who, depend upon it, will be in safety."

"My heart sunk; I dreaded some treachery, I could not help myself: a solemn oath had passed my lips, never to reveal my name or family. DUPONT was the name agreed upon by my father and the physician. As MISS DUPONT, therefore, I was to be introduced to the convent. The countess had a relation of that name, whom she expected from the country. I was to remain, she said, till the young lady came. She should acquaint the king with my residence, and after I had quitted the house, should curiosity lead any one to enquire, a Miss Dupont would still be there, and consequently, all cause of suspicion concerning me, would be done away.

"I was carried to a convent, so borne down with sorrow, fear, and suspense, that every one believed I was forced there against my inclinations.

"The third day I received a small parcel of linen from the countess; a scrap of paper was pinned to a cap—"I hope my little friend is in better spirits; every thing is as we could wish; our dear friend is well; next week you will see her."

"I continued a week almost tortured to death by my anxiety, when one day the countess came to fetch me. "I am come, (said she) to take from you this young lady. who, I find, is not fond of a convent, and shall bring you one of a similar name, but with more inclination to please and give pleasure; I believe you will have no cause to regret the exchange, when *my* Miss Dupont arrives.

The nuns did not pretend what they could not feel, any sorrow that I was to leave them.

We drove at a great rate out of the city, to a small house on the skirts of the wood, Bois de Boulogne. We alighted, and entered; the first person I saw was our friendly physician. I gave a cry of joy, and eagerly caught his hand.

"I understand you, (said he, softly;) you will see him to-morrow night."

"My good child, (said the countess,) be discreet and cautious; remember your oath, and that more than one life depends upon your prudence."

"The countess asked if the parcel had arrived. He answered yes, and turning to me—"My love, you must put on boy's clothes: as near as we could possibly judge we have provided for you: if they do not exactly fit, we have no time to be fastidious:—let us retire to dress."

"We passed into a small closet; the countess condescended to assist me, and in a short time I was quite metamorphosed into a little boy; my eyes were blacked, and apparently enlarged, a coarse kind of paint put on my cheeks, and, upon the whole, I was so totally unlike myself, that, on looking in a glass, I started at my own figure.

"It was now near dusk; the carriage we came in drove up to the door. The countess rose.

"I leave you, my dear young friend; we shall meet no more; you will soon be where you wish, and will find I have not done things by halves. Want of humanity, whatever may be my other faults, forms no part of my character. Your enemies are mine, and I was not sorry to counteract the wicked designs of two women I hate, but whose power I fear. But remember while Louisa, the king's mother lives, you are dead to the world. I run some danger in serving you; a discovery would infallibly be my ruin, as well as yours."

"The king, two days since, at my request, presented me with one of your father's forfeited estates. I have conveyed to him sufficient to maintain him in obscurity

for some years, or, if he leaves the kingdom, as I think he ought, to pay for your pension wherever he settles."

"I kissed her hand, tears flowing down my cheeks, I could not find words to express my feelings. The good physician attended her to the carriage: she spoke aloud; "You will deliver Miss Dupont to the porteress, in a few days I shall see her again."

"She had not been gone above an hour, before another carriage stopped: he hastened out to prevent an old woman's entrance: mean time I put a petticoat over my other cloaths, and a long wrapping cloak; he led me out: she had but a very imperfect view, and the driver could not observe me in the direction we were in.

"Seated in the coach, it drove off. "Now, (said my friend,) throw off these outer garments, and put them in this parcel—I did so. We went at a great rate, and, crossing a bridge, we turned to the right, and entered a thick wood; in a short time after, we stopped before the gates of a house I could discern to be white by the twilight. On pulling the bell, an elderly man soon came, opened the gate, and admitted us without asking any questions. On alighting, I awkwardly followed my companion, not being quite easy in my new dress, but it was not a time for observation.

"How does the good woman, the countess's nurse do now?—is she better?"

"Poorly still," replied the man, "and impatient to go home."

"Well," returned the physician, "she may go to-morrow, if she is able to travel; this boy is going to the same place, and a companion will be pleasant."

"My whole frame was thrown into agitation; I had no doubt but that this "old woman" was my father. We were conducted into a room, where a good fire shewed we were expected. Some bread and fruit were upon a table, and a small bottle of cordial.

"As I am obliged to go on to the next stage, said the physician, to get a change of horses, and proceed on my journey early in the day, I shall not go to bed, but the boy may be glad to rest."

"No, indeed, I replied, understanding his looks, I have slept in the carriage; it is near day-light, and I don't want to sleep again."

"Well then, Anthony may go to bed, and the driver, for a few hours: there is nothing wanted, and I don't like to keep any one up unnecessarily."

"The old man readily complied, and after some time, and some little preparation, the physician stole out of the room, and returned with an old woman, walking lame, and with a stick. The latter she instantly dropped, and in a moment I found myself in the arms of my beloved father!—Our transports cannot be described. Some time passed in mutual congratulations, and acknowledgments, after which the physician desired my father would return to his apartment, where he might be called in the morning.

"Anthony made his appearance at an early hour. The carriage was ordered for the physician, but, previous to his departure, he asked to see the old nurse. She came limping in, and behaved very properly; I was introduced for a companion; she called me a good little boy; and hoped I would behave well to an old woman.

"Taking leave of our good friend and preserver was a painful task. I shed a flood of tears; my father embraced him repeatedly, and sent a profusion of thanks and blessings to the countess, for the preservation of his child. He tore himself from us, and we took a turn in the wood to hide our emotions, and dry our tears. Here my dear parent informed me of the manner of his escape, the recital made me shudder. The prison he was confined in, hung partly over the river, but the rooms were an immense height from it. On making trial, he found he could force himself through the large iron bars, though without any cloaths on; and after all, it was a most hazardous experiment to throw himself into the river, lest the height should kill him, or he might sink to rise no more.

"No terrors, however, were equal to his being confined in that dismal fortress for life, to which he was condemned, and, if he failed, he trusted I had found friends to provide for me.

"The day I left him, he appeared sullen and ferocious to the keeper, refused his allowance, acted several extravagancies, called upon death to save him from perpetual imprisonment.

"The keepers were deceived, pitied and soothed him. When the physician called, he refused to see him, and, though he attempted, to enter, accompanied by the keeper, my father threw himself into such a paroxysm of rage, that he retired, telling the man, that he really believed he would have a fit of insanity. Thus eluding all suspicion from himself, he prepared every thing for his desperate enterprise. The weather favoured him—nor moon, nor stars, gilded the sky, but there was that kind of light which served to distinguish objects without discovering them. The preserver of my father came to the banks of the river, with a small parcel of women's apparel, sufficient to cover him, got into a boat, and at a small distance, waited the effects of the desperate enterprise.

"A very few minutes after, my father forced himself, with extreme difficulty, through the bars, without the least covering, and plunged headlong into the river. The height, and fall, deprived him of all sense, but the physician, who had attentively watched, drew near, saw him rise, and in the same instant laid hold of his arm. The air and pull a little restored him, but he was suspended a few moments before he was capable of assisting the efforts of his friend, and getting into the boat. They reached the shore, and the physician's house in perfect safety.

Three days he remained shut up in a room, visited only at night by his kind preserver, who informed him, that, going the next morning to the prison, and enquiring of the keeper for his patient, he was told he had not yet been visited, for expecting the king's officers with a guard to take him away, he chose to delay seeing him, if possible, till they came.

"While they were talking, the guard arrived, and was informed by the keeper, of the state of distraction his prisoner had shewn the preceding day, they all entered the room together. They found every thing in disorder, the prisoner gone, his cloaths torn in pieces, and scattered on the floor, with every mark, that denoted insanity, which he had the power of leaving.

"As no doubt of his death ever entered their minds, all retired to make their different reports.

"Such was the intelligence brought to my father, during his confinement. The fourth day the physician took an opportunity of sending the servants out on different errands, while my father properly equipped, was found by them on their return as a lame old woman, nurse to the countess of Chateau Briant, who was going to her house in the country for change of air. A chaise from the countess soon after took her up, and carried her to the house in the wood, where all fears of discovery entirely subsided.

"My father added, that a packet had been delivered to him from the countess, containing a large sum of money for our support. "We are now," continued he, "like the first pair in Paradise, driven to wander over the face of the earth, without a home, or friend to help us."

"The following day we left the house in the wood, invoking blessings on its kind owners. Our journey was long and tedious, as it was made chiefly on foot, and, until we came to the Pyrenees, and the last village on the South side of the mountains, my father had not altered his garments; we travelled as an old woman and her son.

Coming over the mountains, we descended into a valley, beneath a hill, thick planted with trees, and here found a small hut, that seemed not long to have been uninhabited. He asked me if I would like to reside there?

"If he was free from danger, all places were alike to me.

"The following day we went back to the village, inquiring to whom the cottage belonged; fortunately a peasant told us, he had long supplied a sort of hermit with necessaries there, but that, about two months ago, he had left it, and gone to reside in a convent.

"As no one seemed to claim any property in this hut, my father was resolved to take possession. He employed a person to make it habitable, had another room added to it, and such necessaries as we should want. The peasant agreed to call on us two or three times a week, to supply us with such necessaries as the village afforded; but in a short time, from the stocking of a little garden, and the produce of a few hens, our wants from thence were very small.

"My father's whole employment and delight was in cultivating my mind. By means of the peasant, he procured some books from the neighbouring monastry. When I was employed at my needle, or little domestic affairs, he used to amuse himself in writing all those particulars I have been tracing to you. What agonies have I witnessed! how many days and weeks has he talk-

ed incessantly of my dear ill-fated mother! Every evening he used to ramble by twilight for an hour or two, that he might indulge his sorrows alone. That fatal evening, when he wandered so far, lost in thought, and regardless of the time—that night was the last of my happiness. Subsequent events robbed me of the best and tenderest of fathers, the most respectable and unfortunate of men, and by means so terrible, that the horrible moment can never fade from my memory, nor permit me to enjoy a moment of comfort.

"Thus, madam, have I related the sad events that have thrown me on the world, without a friend or relation to protect me, under the most suspicious circumstances, and till now chained down by a solemn oath from revealing my name or family. The death of the countess of Angoulesme has dissolved the obligation, and you cannot wonder that the detested name of the baroness de Foulanges should have so greatly affected me—she whom I look upon as the murderess of my mother, the destroyer of my father's fame, happiness, and eventually of his life also. How she came to be banished to the Pyrenees, or any circumstance relative to her, I am an entire stranger to. I know not if our preserver, the physician, or the generous countess, still exist.

"To your humanity and compassion, madam, I am indebted for the only pleasurable moments I have enjoyed since the death of my beloved parent. I have no longer any aversion to a convent, though it is not my preferable choice, but misfortunes like mine, can hope for no other asylum. All the subsequent events that have befallen me since the night that I was carried off by the robbers, you are acquainted with What am I to do?—Direct me, dearest madam: your counsel shall decide my future destiny. Your affectionate and grateful

ADELAIDE.

THE Marchioness de Gusman read the memoir of Adelaide with an equal portion of horror, indignation, sorrow, and compassion. The recollection of the misery this unprincipled woman had brought upon her, now rose forcibly to her view. She now considered her as her adopted child, and resolved to break through the solitude she had been emerged in, by sending for masters to cultivate her genius, and finish her education. No expence was spared, and Adelaide felt it her duty, to be most diligent and attentive, to reward the kindness of her good friend.

Near a month passed in equal delight and improvement. She grew dearer to the Marchioness every hour: she had received a most kind and flattering letter from the Governor; he undertook to forward a letter to Donna Isabella; he had also written to some persons in Paris, to enquire into the state of affairs there, and learn if the Countess of Chateau Briant, and the Physicsan were living, and whether any thing had transpired relative to the innocence of the Count de Beauvais.

Thus happily the days rolled on, and our unfortunate heroine began to taste that tranquility and ease she had never expected to enjoy, she could not forget the cruel events that had deprived her of parents so amiable and respectable.

It was the custom of Adelaide to rise early, and if the weather was favourable, walk in the gardens, beyond them she never strayed alone.

One morning, as usual, she took a walk with a book in her hand, and strolled round a small wilderness of flowering shrubs, and seated herself on a bench made in a kind of alcove at one end of it. She had not been there long, before she heard some faint groans; at first she started, then listening, she was convinced that it was some human being in pain, who was not far distant, she rose quickly from her seat, followed the sound through the shrubbery at the back of the alcove She stopped a moment when near the gate that terminated the gardens, hesitating whether she should proceed; a fresh groan, more expressive of pain, excited her humanity, and going hastily to the gate, she exclaimed loudly, "Is any one there?—has any accident happened?"

"Whoever you are, answered a weak voice, help me instantly, or I die!"

Adelaide, without recollecting how little capable she was of rendering assistance, exerted all her strength to draw back the massy bolts that fastened the door, which, at another time, she would have thought it impossible to attempt. On opening it, she looked carefully round, and saw a man lying at the foot of a tree. Again she stopped, but, before she had determined whether she should advance or retreat, three men darted from behind, seized and gagged her in the same instant! The man on the ground sprung up, and between them she was hurried thro' a wood, to a small ruinous hut at the end of it, and at the foot of a high hill. Here they released her from the gag, and led her to a small cavity in the mountain, from whence issued a rill of water, that they obliged her to wade through, almost bent double; but after advancing a few yards, the passage widened, and, turning on one side, a tolerable spacious cavern appeared: several fragments of the rock served for resting places, and here she was seated, apparently deprived of all sensation, her eyes only moving with a vacant stare of terror and surprise.

One of the men, throwing off his flapped hat, and removing a bandage from his face, approached her with a small bundle, and a paper of sweetmeats.

"Charming Adelaide!" said he.—The voice like an electrical shock seemed to recall her to instant life: she turned her eyes full upon him, and beheld Don Felix.

"Holy Virgin!" exclaimed she, "do not my senses deceive me?—is it Don Felix?"

"Yes, my lovely angel, it is Felix, the happy Felix, now he is possessed of Adelaide. Fear nothing, my charmer," added he, kissing her hand, "henceforth you will be the entire mistress of me and my fortune; and concluded by clasping her in his arms.

This action at once restored her to comprehension and words. "What mean you, sir?" said she, indignantly pushing him from her; "how can this cruel and shameful conduct be reconciled with your professions?—How comes it that till now you never avowed your love to me, and now only, when you have basely torn me from my friends?"

"This is not a place, nor fit time," replied he," to answer such a number of interrogatories; when once we are safe from pursuit, and impertinent meddlers, I do not despair of giving you perfect satisfaction."

He then besought her to take some refreshment: she took some sweetmeats, but refused his cordials.—The men, who had assisted in bringing her there, had been out, they now returned. They were habited like mountain-peasants, and had some tools in their hands. She took no notice of the circumstance, nor condescended to ask him any questions. He went several times to the opening of the cave with much impatience, and a disturbed look.

Many hours passed in this manner. The small light, admitted into the cave through the passage where the rivulet ran, began now to give way to a melancholy gloom:—the gentle murmurring of the water—the hollow sound of distant cattle, and the apprehension of passing the night in such a place, and with such company, altogether worked upon the imagination of Adelaide, that her whole frame shook with horror.

"If," said she, in a voice of terror, "if you really have any affection for me, for heaven's sake take me out of this place."

"Do not trouble yourself unnecessarily," replied he, "I expect a messenger every moment to give me notice when we may quit it in safety."

The last word struck her to the heart:—"Alas! where can I be safe? to what abode may my evil genius next conduct me, in this terrible country of mountains, caverns, and designing men? Ah! why did I refuse the worthy Don Lopez!—what must the dear Marchioness think!—what must she suffer on my account, and where—where shall I find a deliverer like the Governor?"

A torrent of tears followed these bitter reflections. She regarded not the impatient movements of Don Felix, till he suddenly caught her by the arm:—"Come, my angel we may now venture to travel," said he.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MR. HOPKINS.

THIS gentleman at his benefit on Saturday evening last, in the comedy of *The Heir at Law*, attempted the character of *Dick Dowlas*, with credit to himself, and satisfaction to a majority of the audience. With a little elevated practice, Mr. H. would fairly claim the title of a Comedian. This being his first attempt at that character, great allowances should be made, (for the first attempt cannot be called more than a last rehearsal). With proper encouragement, Mr. H. no doubt, would play with more spirit, and consequently more improvement to himself, and more satisfaction to the audience. No person ever attempted the Philadelphia Stage with a better prospect, than Mr. H. in the character of *Tony Lumpkin*, in the humurous comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer*; his talents in that character are sufficiently known, to need further description.

A CANDID OBSERVER.

Plan of Female Education.

No. IV.

BUT, Secondly—If our little girl be placed more immediately under her teacher's care, as those are who receive their education in academies, or seminaries of learning remote from the constant attention, and watchful eye of the tender parent, a number of new duties devolve upon the tutor; and he must then act in the capacity, not only of a teacher, but also of a father—How arduous the task! how great the deposit that is then intrusted to his care!

It is the opinion of Goldsmith, and to it I heartily assent—that parents should be much more careful in choosing a teacher for their children, than in selecting a minister for themselves; because their own judgment being formed and matured, they do not stand in such imminent danger of being turned from the path of rectitude, by embracing false or erroneous opinions; but children, unable to judge for themselves. easily imbibe false opinions, and imitate vicious examples, and therefore stand in the greatest need of cautious and prudent parents to judge for them, in such a very important concern.

But we will suppose the choice made, and ELIZA introduced to her teacher, and the little misses who are to be her playmates and companions—who, I hope, are all about her own age. This wish may by many be thought a singular one, yet I am convinced were it sufficiently attended to, the effects resulting would be found very salutary.—I intend that our child shall receive a good useful education; but to be possessed of a good heart, to be kept free from vicious habits, and loose ideas, is still of infinitely more consequence—therefore I wish for companions of nearly her own age. All who are conversant with human nature, and the instruction of youth, must have often remarked what authority is assumed by a little miss who is only two years older than her companions. She must direct in all things; she will lead in all amusements, & she has collected a two year's stock of stories more than the rest—therefore the little ones are ready to follow where she leads, they imbibe her ideas, approve of what she approves, and dislike as she directs—But where they are of nearly the same age, they are nearly of the same experience, and consequently one's opinion is just as good as the others'.

In this select situation in which we now consider our pupil, all the powers of the teacher will be called into exercise. The morals of his scholars must chiefly engage his attention; and therefore he must be very particular in receiving pupils, and immediately introducing them into the little society, which we suppose already formed.

I would therefore count it highly expedient every new scholar should have no particular task assigned to her for a few days, that she should be placed under the immediate eye of the teacher himself, that so he may be able to form a just opinion of her: perhaps in this investigation, he might be much assisted, by placing her along with some one of his senior class, of whose prudence and good behaviour he was well assured—By these, and other methods, which his own good sense will readily suggest, in a short time he will come to know the inclinations, habits, and temper of his pupil, and will then be well prepared to begin the great work, with the highest probability of abundant success.

Here, perhaps, some might expect that I should answer the great question—Which is most for the advantage of society, the education of females in academies, at a distance from their parents, or at schools, where they are daily under their parents' care?—Without entering into a deep discussion of the merits of either side in this question, I shall only give a few short remarks. Supposing the advantages which may be obtained in an academy, properly organized, to be greater than those which could be met with in a private school—yet the great expence which attends it, will ever render such a system of education not generally useful. That plan must always be esteemed of most advantage to society, which is level to the finances of the majority of its members. I would not wish however, to be understood as an enemy to these institutions: I prize them highly, and those parents, whose situation in life enables them to place their daughters in such seminaries, will certainly have much less trouble, and perhaps their little ones may reap as much profit, as if under their more immediate care—but I am not sure, that, admitting each parent would, in a certain manner, superintend his children's education, the trouble that he might feel from the task would bear any comparison with the innumerable pleasures he would thence derive.

The greatness of the task, of being both instructor, and, (may I not add,) parent, to such a number of little misses, of such different dispositions, habits, and tempers, as are generally found in such seminaries, will ever make the most enlightened teacher engage in it with the utmost diffidence; and we may undoubtedly mark it down as a truth, which experience makes every day more evident, that the business is never more happily carried on, & more fortunately finished, than where the influence of the parent, and the address of the teacher, are equally engaged in forming the mind, and engaging the attention of the little pupil. From these considerations I am led to conclude, that the great end of female education is better answered, and more effectually promoted, in these seminaries where the child can, evening and morning, be under the inspection of her parents; and I am well assured, the task will be infinitely less which thus devolves on the teacher.

A Friend to the Fair Sex.

BEAUTY.

THOUGH beauty has been often described as a natural exellence, and not intended by Providence as the pledge of happiness, or the distinction of merit; I cannot help viewing it as depending essentially on the mind, and capable of being improved by cultivation. The passions, whether of the amiable, or of the opposite kind, leave their signature on the countenance when they have ceased to act. The beauty that depends on temper and sentiment, is in this respect superior, that it does not endanger its possessor. It is not only an ornament, but a defence. It is an emanation of intellectual and moral excellence, which inspires the beholder with reverence as well as love, and represses every irregular wish.

Let it therefore be remembered, that none can be the disciples of the graces, but in the school of virtue, and that those who wish to be truly beautiful, must learn to be good.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

I am happy to find that the essays under the signature of a "Friend to the Fair Sex," receive so great a portion of merited attention. They appear to be the result of deep and well digested reflection, and in my opinion are calculated to produce the best effects. The style is familiar, correct and chaste, and possesses that quality of arresting the attention, which is more easily felt than described.

It is to be hoped that the author will persevere in his laudable efforts. The rage of party being, it is presumed, nearly extinct; such productions undoubtedly will prove more and more interresting. A writer so judicious, and who appears to have the good of mankind so much at heart, must be gratified with the reception of pieces not written to pamper vanity, or to flatter folly; but to instruct and amend the female heart!

CURIOUS INCIDENT.

From AULUS GELLIUS.

IT was formerly usual for the Senators of Rome, to enter the Senate House, accompanied by their sons, who had taken the prætexta. When something of superior importance was discussed in the Senate, and the farther consideration adjourned to the day following, it was resolved, that no one should divulge the subject of their debates till it should be formally decreed. The mother of the young Papirius, who had accompanied his father to the Senate House, enquired of her son what the Senators had been doing. The youth replied, that he had been enjoined silence, and was not at liberty to say. The woman became more anxious to know: the secrecy of the thing, and the silence of the youth did but enflame her curiosity: she, therefore, urged him with the more vehement earnestness. The young man, on the importunity of his mother, determined on a humorous and pleasant fallacy: he said, it was discussed in the Senate, which would be most beneficial to the State, for one man to have two wives, or one woman to have two husbands. As soon as she heard this, she was much agitated; and leaving her house in great trepidation, hastened to tell the other matrons, what she had heard. The next day a troop of matrons, went to the Senate House; and with tears and entreaties, implored that one woman might have two husbands, rather than one man to have two wives. The Senators, on entering the house, were astonished, and wondered at the intemperate proceedings of the women, and what their petition could mean. The young Papirius, advancing to the midst of the Senate, explained the importunity of his mother, his answer, and the matter as it was. The Senate delighted with the honour and ingenuity of the youth, decreed, that from that time no youth should be suffered to enter the Senate with his father; this Papirius alone excepted. He was afterwards distinguished by the cognomen of Pretextatus, on account of his discretion at such an age.

NEGLECTING to do good, when we have it in our power, without doing injury to ourselves, or others, is a prostitution of our abilities.

To destroy public happiness is the grand quality of the devil.

To promote public happiness is a patriotic virtue.

"Virtue alone is happiness below." P.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

—Warn'd by my ills, the shade replies,
Nor trust the sex that are so rarely wise;
When anxious to explore thy secret breast,
Unfold some trifle but conceal the rest.

HOMER'S ODDESY.

EVEN in the time of Homer, we find the sex renowned for curiosity, and at the same time "but rarely wise." How far the ladies in the present time have the superiority over their ancestors in the latter respect, I will not attempt to decide; but I think that their passion for obtaining the gratification of their curiosity, which has always been the predominant trait in the female character, has been handed down from generation to generation, without any diminution in vigour, and burns with as much fury as it ever could do. The gratification of it is sometimes attended with mortification, and the old adage of "Listeners never hear any good of themselves," verified.

Although the laws of politeness forbid this method of satisfying one's curiosity, by overhearing the conversation of others, yet it is not unfrequently resorted to. I recollet an instance of this kind of impoliteness, which was attended by the greatest mortification. MIRANDA was a young lady of respectable family, who had received many attentions from a young gentleman of fortune, to which her vanity affixed particularity; and the idea so possessed her that she was in daily expectation of receiving an offer of his hand. Unfortunately, all the attentions he had ever paid her originated solely in politeness, without his ever conceiving a thought that the most incorrigible vanity could ever suppose more was intended. One unlucky evening, MIRANDA had a large party at the house of her father, to which I accompanied the young gentleman, whom she had accounted her admirer. After sitting some time, a young lady of uncommon beauty entered the room, and attracted the attention of the principal part of the company. My friend made many observations upon her interesting figure, and MIRANDA remarking we were conversing upon a subject apparently interesting, felt a great curiosity to know what it was. Accordingly she went to a window exactly behind us, and near enough to hear with facility every word that was spoken; without being seen by my companion or myself, till after the wound had been given to her vanity, and her hopes, by his saying—"What an angelic creature she is, if ever I felt a tender sentiment it is now. I actually never beheld such an enchanting figure and face." Poor MIRANDA was almost thunderstruck; all her hopes vanished, "and, like the baseless fabric of a vision, left not a wreck behind." She went back to the seat she had before occupied; but the gloom which enveloped her countenance, declared the sad truth, that her curiosity had been rewarded.

JULIUS.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

PROGRESS
OF A
Modern Young Gentleman.

"Have you not, in darksome night,
A meteor seen, with rapid flight,
Dart thro' the sky—while blockheads swear
The glittering NOTHING *is a star?*
Indeed it's unsubstantial fires,
In some foul ditch it soon expires!"

AS it is the duty of every man to give instruction or caution, which may eventually deter and guide others from the precipice down which he has himself fallen; I offer you the sketch of a life which, from *mistaken* principles, has been spent with little satisfaction to myself, and less profit to others.

My father was a *tradesman*; who, though what is considered *well to do*, had nothing to spare, after the deduction of all the wants inseparable from a large family. Yet the contagion of *emulation* inspired us with notions of *gentility*; and my two elder brothers, who could not submit to *cringe* behind the counter—a thing which they considered fit only for *mechanic* souls, whose genius travelled no farther than the *end of a web*, and whose knowledge of *equilibriums* was equal only to *an ounce of silk*, engaged in the army, through the interest of our uncle. One of them lost *a leg* and *an arm*, and retired on the *comfortable allowance* of Chelsea: the other closed his career *in the field of honour*; like a hero, whose *patriotism* is *gentility*.

As to *myself*, who had much partiality in my composition, though equally above the labour of a *shop*, I was promoted to a *clerkship* in a public office. I pass over the pleasure I felt, when I first exchanged *buckles* for *strings*; strutted from my father's in *boots*; frizzed up my hair with *soap* and *water*, and dashed it off with a little *flour*; or, with what a genteel and *degagée* toss of the head, I marched by our neighbours, twirling a stick between my fingers; or how I *affected* not to see my old acquaintances. These were the first pleasures of *independence*.

(TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

The Temple of Hilarity.

BON MOTS

OF THE EARL of CHESTERFIELD, a few days before he died.

HIS Lordship, taking an airing in Hyde Park, in an old-fashioned coach, with six old black horses, a nobleman went up to the side of his carriage, and enquired his health——"I am but so so;—and as I shall be among you but a few days longer, I am now rehearsing my own funeral."

A few hours before he died, they repeated a quarrel which had happened between Miss Pelham and Mrs. Fitzroy,* words arising very high, Mrs. Fitzroy gave Miss Pelham a slap on the cheek. "Ah," said his Lordship, "I am not surprised at that;—I always thought Mrs. Fitzroy was a *striking* beauty."

When he was given to understand by his physicians, that he would die by inches, he replied, with a smile, "If that is the case, I am happy that I am not so tall as Sir Thomas Robinson."†

* *A woman remarkably handsome.*

† *A person of exceeding great height.*

IN a late engagements in Holland, Col. Van Grotten asked one of his lieutenants for a *quid* of tobacco. It was in the very heat of contest, and a cannon ball carried off the Lieutenant in the act of presenting it. "I must be obliged to you, then," said the Col. coolly, turning to another officer, "for you see our friend is gone away with his *tobacco box*."

A Black Man going to be married to a woman of the same colour, by a Justice of the peace, observed to him, that if he performed the ceremony as he usually did for the white people, he would pay him well, but if not he would give him nothing. "Very well," replied the Justice. After the ceremony was over, the fellow was going away, when the Justice thought proper to remind him of his promise. "Why," said the negro, "you have omitted an essential point:" the Justice demanded what it was. "Why," answered the negro, "*you forgot to salute the bride;*" and so bade him a very good night.

ERRATO.

In the last number of the "*Commentator,*" in the motto, for "*Crimium ne crede colore,*" read "*Nimium ne crede colori;*" and in the quotation from Juvenal for *it* read *et*.

A correspondent observes that the Parody on Mr. Pope's ode to solitude, in the last number, is not original.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

MR. HOGAN,

Your Correspondent C. R. by every lover of Poetry, will be allowed *the merit of originality;* but as a translator and a poet, his performance sinks far below mediocrity. Certainly he might know, "seeks" and "steeps" can never be rhyme—until "not without vain fear of the flowing gales" be poetry. Where he found the account of the bough's assailing its head and back, I am as unable to discover, as how he gets the young fawn to shake in her heart and tremble in her knees—and by what happy transformation of gender, he can find hinnuleus to be both neutur and feminine, whilst Horace uses the word in the masculine gender. It would be well to ask our young poet, and *original translator*, how spring produced the breeze before it arrived. The "rustling bush," and "the sea green lizards stirr'd among the brush," are inimitable—and I hope ever shall be.—But I shall trouble you with no more remaks on this subject. I hope, when C. R. next attempts to translate, he will at least endeavour to understand his author better,—and compose more correctly.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

FISH HO!

Three fishermen having caught a certain number of fish, repaired to market to sell them, and having effected their purpose, collected together to compare accounts of sales—On investigation it appeared they had all sold at the same prices, and obtained the same amount for their fish, although the first had fifty, the second thirty, and the third but ten. Query how could this be!

TWICE EIGHT.

Answer to the Nuts, 30.

Proof $\frac{1}{2}$ of $\frac{1}{5}=\frac{1}{10}\div 30=3+24=27$.
Cube Root $3+27=30$, which is the number of Nuts.

U. V.

Answer to X—Y's Question.

A 5
B 3

$8\div 3=2\frac{2}{3}$ the quantity that each man ate.

$5-2\frac{2}{3}=2\frac{1}{3}$ the quantity A gave to C.
$3-2\frac{2}{3}=\frac{1}{3}$ the quantity B gave to C.
Then A $2\frac{2}{3}:8::2\frac{1}{3}::7$ A's share of the money.
A $2\frac{2}{3}:8::\frac{1}{3}::1$ B's share of do.

U. V.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

The following is part of an Essay written by a young friend of mine, Miss D——, belonging to Mr. NEAL's *school. I think it has merit; if you are of the same opinion, you will without doubt give it a place in your entertaining paper.* *AMELIA.*

SPRING is now re turning, dressed all its verdant-beauties, "breathing delight." The feathered tribe will also return in the blissful train, to charm us with their warbling. Nature will soon be decked in all her glory, and awaken in every heart of innocence and sensibility, the purest emotions of festivity and joy. The blushing moon diffusing fagrance, wilt then invite us to walk and gaily trip it o'er the the green carpet spread by a bountiful CREATOR. Such scenes are the sweet pictures of youthful innocence, and fill us with devout love and gratitude.

When we contemplate the various beauties which decorate the earth in this delightful season of the year, can we doze away our mornings in sloth, which ought to be spent in the healthful exercise of mind and body? No: my amiable sisters; I am confident you cannot act so imprudent a part, for it is aganist your best interests, and is indeed a strong mixture of indolence, folly and ingratitude. Let us rather enjoy the fleeting moments in the wisest manner, by our activity, and rest assured, that idleness was never the parent of happiness, but if indulged, naturally leads o misery. But by a proper portion of bodily and mental exertion we shall secure the lasting approbation of the virtuous, and end our days in tranquility, undisturbed by remorse or guilty fear * * * * * * *

LOVE.

True merit is the basis of esteem;
Esteem long cherish'd, heightens into love;
And love's the chord by which we climb to heav'n. (be lost;
Should this be broke—all hope would then
Lost in eternity, and doleful night.
No more would social joys our bosoms warms;
No more to God our souls with ardor burn;
No more the youth caress the nymph he lov'd;
Nor friendship be esteem'd a sacred thing:
But trouble, and vexation, and distress,
Would be the lot of all the sons of men.
Hope would be lost in darkness, and dismay;
And darkness & dismay lead down to death.
Not so:—Eternal Goodness condescended
To send his SON, mantled o'er with love;
And love divine it is the law fulfils. L.

PHILADELPHIA, April 4.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The editor thanks "*S. S.*" for his selections.

"*R. G.*" is informed, that "*Rodolpho*" was duly received along with his other communications, and will appear as soon as possible.

Two more husbands have offered themselves as candidates for the lady of "*forty-five;*"—but as nothing uncommonly interesting appears attached to them, it is feared she will have to make her *exit alone.*

Numerous questions, riddles, &c. have been received within this two weeks past, many of which appear to have been written by youth.—The editor informs his young friends, they shall receive every attention their merit deserves; but that it is not consistent with his plan to insert more than one or two articles of this nature at a time.

The editor informs "*H. S. R. I.*" and "*A Bildhrman,*" that he will comply with their requests as soon as possible.

LATE FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

NEW-YORK, March 24.

London papers to the evening of MARCH SECOND, inclusive, were received yesterday at the office of the Mercanitile Advertiser, by the ship Eliza, capt. Brown, in 24 days from Plymouth. They afford us the opportunity of informing our readers that a peace between France and the Emperor of Germany was concluded at Luneville on the 9th of February, the principal articles of which are, 1. The cession of the Netherlands to France, and the country of Falkenstein and the Frickthal. 2. Istria, Dalmatia, the Venetian Islands in the Adriatic, and Venice, are confirmed to the Emperor. The Brisgau is given up to the Duke of Modena. 3. The grand Duke of Tuscany is to give up Tuscany to the infant duke of Parma, and is to receive an indemnity in Germany. 4. The emperor consents, for the German Empire, that France shall possess all the countries on the left bank of the Rhine, which formed part of the German Empire. 5. France gives up Dusseldorf, Ehrenbreitstein, Philipsburgh, Cassel, Kehl, and old Brissac. 6. The German Princes, who have been dispossessed of territories on the left Bank, are to be indemnified on the right. 7. Holland, Switzerland, Liguria and the Cisalpine, are included in the treaty. 8. England is shut out from the ports of the Emperor of Germany. The treaty is to be ratified in 30 days from the time of its being signed.

The King of England is dangerously ill of a fever contracted about the 18th of February. An official bulletin of the state of his health, is published daily by the two attendant physicians.

Mr. Pitt held the seals of his office on the second of March, and it was reported, had refused to deliver them up, until his majesty was in a situation to receive his formal resignation, or until the Imperial Parliament had made suitable legislative provision for any unfortunate exigency which might arise in the public affairs.

A plan is said to be in agitation between Russia, Austria, and France, for dismembering the Turkish empire in Europe.

Letters from Constantinople, dated the first of January, say, that the Sublime Porte has sequestrated the property of the states of Barbary.

The French government has recalled M. Otto from England, on account of the depredations committed by order of the British ministry on the French fishing smacks.

Buonaparte has created one of the sons of the Spanish monarch, king of the ci-devant dukedom of Tuscany, as a reward for the fidelity with which his father has observed the treaties of offensive and defensive alliance which bind him to the Republic.

Flour in England is 120*s.* sterling, the sack. Partial disturbances have arisen in some parts of the country, from the high price of provisions, and the wretched situation of the poor.

FIRE!

ON Thursday afternoon last, a fire broke out in the workshop of Lawrence Allwine, Chair-maker, in Gray's Alley, occasioned by the boiling over of a quantity of oil, as he was employed making varnish. Notwithstanding the exertions of the citizens, the building was entirely consumed, with a considerable quantity of materials; and several of the adjacent houses were very much damaged.

A very serious quarrel lately took place at Norfolk, between a part of the crew of the French frigate SEMILLANTE, and a number of British and American Sailors on shore, in which between 20 and 30 of the former were killed and wounded.

We are authorised to state, (says the Baltimore American of Thursday), that General Smith will not accept of the appointment of Secretary of the Treasury.

Marriages.

MARRIED—By the Rev. Bishop White, Mr. Joseph Johnston, Merchant, to Miss Martha Morris, daughter of the late Anthony Morris, Esq. deceased, both of this city.

————By the Rev. Mr. Blackwell, Mr. Dell Noblett, to the amiable and accomplished Miss Eliza Wiall, both of this city.

————At Portland, Edward Preble, Esq. captain of the United States frigate Essex, to Miss Mary Deering, only daughter of Capt. Nathaniel Deering.

Deaths.

DIED—In the 77th year of her age, Mrs. Jane Groves, long a respectable inhabitant of this city.

————In the 66th year of her age, Mrs. Elizabeth Roberts, relict of Mr. Robert Roberts, and mother of Mr. Richard Folwell, Printer, of this city.

————In the 18th year of her age, Miss Sarah Morris, of East-Town, Chester county.

————At Old-Town, on Penobscot river, ORONO, Chief of the Penobscot tribe of Indians, aged *one hundred and thirteen years.*

MR. SHAW,

Respectfully informs his friends and the public, that his first

Annual Concert of Sacred Music,

Will take place on THURSDAY, the 9th of April, 1801, in the Hall of the University, when will be performed a selection from

Handel's Messiah,

And some of his most celebrated other works.

Principal Vocal Performers,

Mr. Darley, Mr. J. Darley, Mr. Taylor, Mrs. Oldmixon, and Miss Broadhurst.

Leader of the Band—Mr. Gillingham.

Organ—Mr. Taylor.

The Band, on this occasion, both Vocal and Instrumental, will be rendered as numerous as possible.

Tickets at one dollar each, to be had at Mr. Chalk's Circulating Library, Mr. Willig's Musical Magazine, Mr. Rice and Mr. Ormrod, booksellers, and at Mr. Shaw's Music store, No. 13, South Fourth-street—

Who has for Sale on the most reasonable terms, an Elegant Assortment of the best

London made Piano Fortes,

And other Instruments, Music and Musical Articles.

TEMPLE OF THE MUSES.

The following answer to the "Question for Bachelors," is the one referred to in the notes to correspondents in the 19th No.—It contains so beautiful a description of what THE FAIR ONE OUGHT TO BE, *that notwithstanding the question has been already answered, no apology for its publication seems necessary.*

I AM a bachelor—I love the FAIR,
I want a partner—Do I see one there?
KITTY approach--I know thy fortune child:
How is thy temper? Complaisant and mild?
Do no rude passions there usurp controul,
Deform the visage and corrupt the soul?
Has nature in formation of thy mind,
Been uniformly, providently kind?
And education nature's gifts refin'd:
To learning, taste; to judgment, wit conjoin'd?
'Tis not the gold of Indies I desire;
'Tis not the titled lady I admire:
'Tis not rich pastures, or a wide domain;
Nor beauty, which too often renders vain.
But worth and innocence I hope to gain;
A prudent, wise and virtuous wife obtain.
A partner who my joyous hours can share,
And soothe the anguish of corrosive care— (taught,
Whose soul proud science has in measure
And with the love of wisdom's spirit fraught.
Who can her aid in deep research impart,
Or with endearing trifles charm the heart:
With ease in advantageous converse join,
And let me meditate when I incline;
Listen attentively whene'er I read,
Or say where merit claims of praise the meed:
Industr'ously her houshold cares pursue,
With elegance and neatness still in view.
If these accomplishments, dear maid, be thine;
And you consent that I shall call thee mine;
Let us with speed before the altar go,
And I will here my right and title shew.
I recollect that when I went to school,
My tutor taught me how to work a rule,
Which being now resorted to, and tried,
Thy fortune ascertains, my lovely bride.
'Tis fourteen pounds two shillings I believe,
No more I will demand, no more receive.
A slender portion, yet important too,
As clearly limiting thy lover's view
To intellectual and corporeal charms,
And by them only winning to thy arms.
May they not only his affection gain,
But his esteem increasingly retain.
So shall the days in glad'ning circles run,
And end in pleasure as in joy begun.

TWICE EIGHT.

THE YOUNG STUDENT's SOLILOQUY.

In Imitation of Shakespeare's Hamlet.

[*Copied from the* ANTHOLOGIA HIBERNICA, *for the Philadelphia Repository.*]

TO learn, or not to learn:—that is the question—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The frowns and stripes of an imperious master; (bles,
Or to take up heels against this sea of trou-
And, by eloping, end them?—To run—to fly—
To play; and, by a flight, to say we end
The heart ach, and a thousand natural shocks
Our flesh is heir to—'Tis a consumation
Sincerely to be wished!—To run—to fly—
Perchance to be a dunce!—Aye, there's the rub! (may come,
For, through this flight, what dread effects
When we have shuffled off this learned coil,
Should give us pause:—to fly—to play—to be a dunce— (more,
Our parent's grief—our country's pest—yea
Foes to ourselves, and rebels to our God!
To guilt, to shame, to death, to endless pain,
Obnoxious——There's the respect
That makes us fix our firm resolve to pray,
To toil—to learn: who else, in youth, would bear (lost,
The will controul'd, all fond indulgence
The school boys' noise, the usher's contumely, (law,
The pangs of despised tasks, the master's
The insolence of victors, and the spurns
That a poor boy of all his teachers takes,
When he, himself, might his quietus make
With a bare fugit?--who would fardles bear
To groan and sweat under a weary life
Of hardships, labour, and the painful tasks
Impos'd from Latin, Gallic, Hebrew, Greek;
Besides the figures, fractions, knotty roots,
Points, lines, and angles; circles, tort'ring curves,
Sines, Tangents, Secants minus a plus b,
Problems perplexing; and the extra work
Of puzzling short-hand and mnemonic toil:— (the dread
Who, this, and more, would bear, but that
Of something after youth, & age, & death,
(That undiscover'd country, from whose bourne,
No traveller returns) puzzles the will,
And makes us rather chuse those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of.—
Thus consience, reason, interest, all persuade,
And thus the sickly wav'ring resolution
Is cur'd and strengthened, by maturer thought;
Thus enterprizes of great pith and moment
With this regard, their currents urge along,
And ripen into action.

HOR. LIB. 1. ODE 40.

AD LIBRUM SUUM.

Found in the Palatine Library at Rome about 21 years ago.

(A translation is requested.)

DULCI libello nemo sodalium
Forsan meorum charior extilit.
De te merenti quid fidelis
Officium domino rependes?

Te Roma cautum territat ardua?
Depone vanos invidiae metus;
Urbis que fidens dignitati,
Per plateas animosus aude.

En quo furentis Eumenidum chorus
Disjecit almo fulmine Jupiter?
Huic ara stabit, fama cantu
Perpetuo celebranda crescet.

J. C.

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WE, the subscribers, house carpenters, hereby certify, That we have divers times, made use of Composition Ornaments, manufactured at this manufactory, and are of opinion they are equal in quality to any imported.

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